

DELICIE MUSICÆ:

BEING, A

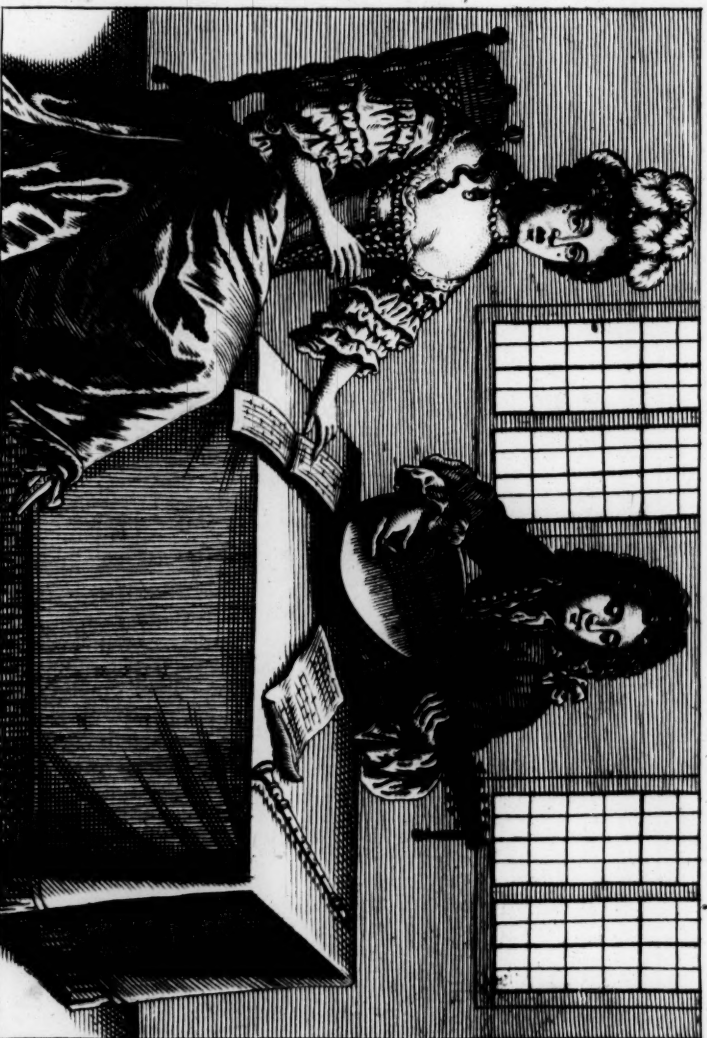
Collection of the newest and best SONGS
Sung at Court and at the Publick Theatres, most
of them within the Comps of the FLUTE.

W I T H

A Thorow-Bass, for the Theorbo-Lute,
Bass-Viol, Harpsichord, or Organ.

Compos'd by several of the Best Masters.

THE FIRST BOOK.



F. de Willems fecit.

LICENCED,

April 23. 1695. D. Poplar.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford near the Temple-Church;
or at his House over-against the Blew-Ball in Arundel-street:
Where also the New Catch-Book may be had. 1695.

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- R. N. A. R. E. S. -

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His Book

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DELICIAE MUSICÆ:

BEING, A

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A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

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<i>P. Ah! how sweet it is to Love,</i> Grant me gentle Love, said I, H	6	<i>Pious Ceinda goes to Prayers,</i> S	<i>P.</i>		13
<i>P. Hark my Dairycar! hark we're call'd,</i> L	14	<i>Who, who can behold Florella's Charms,</i> W	<i>P.</i>		5
<i>P. Love thou canst hear, tho' thou art blind,</i> N	16	<i>Why fair Corinna shoud you grieve,</i>			24
<i>P. No, no, no, resistance is but vain,</i>	8	<i>Whilst I with grief did on you look,</i> P.			27
	1	<i>Whilst you couch'd safe our thoughts to breath,</i>			29

BOOKS now in the Press and will be speedily Publish'd.

Two Elegys on our late Gracious Queen *MARY*, one in *English*, Set to Musick by Dr. Blow, the other in *Latin*, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

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14
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By your Servant,

H. P.
w

A New Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. Sung by Mrs. Siball.

W
HO, who can behold *Fle---rel---la's* Charms, and not, and

1 2
not like me a-dore; one, one glance, one, one glance

from her my Soul, my Soul dis-arms, and robs me of re-

sit - ing pow'r. Let unblest Hero's fill, still pur - sue coy Glo-

ry in the duf - ry Field, if I. Flo-

rel - la but sub - due. Fate can no grea - ter, no, no

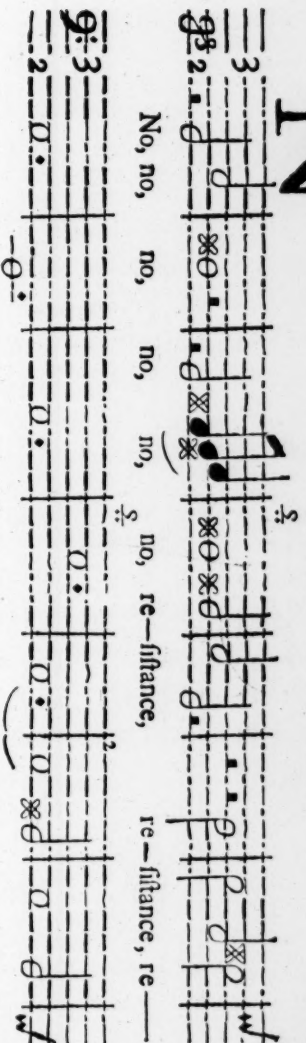
grea - ter Tri-

A Song for 2 Voices, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

N

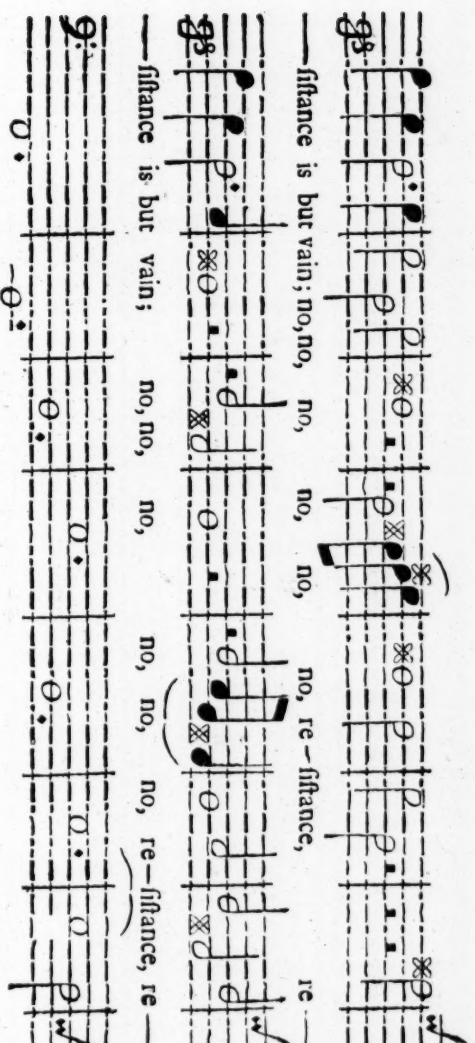
O, no, no, no, no, no, re—

No, no, no, no, no, re—sistance, re—



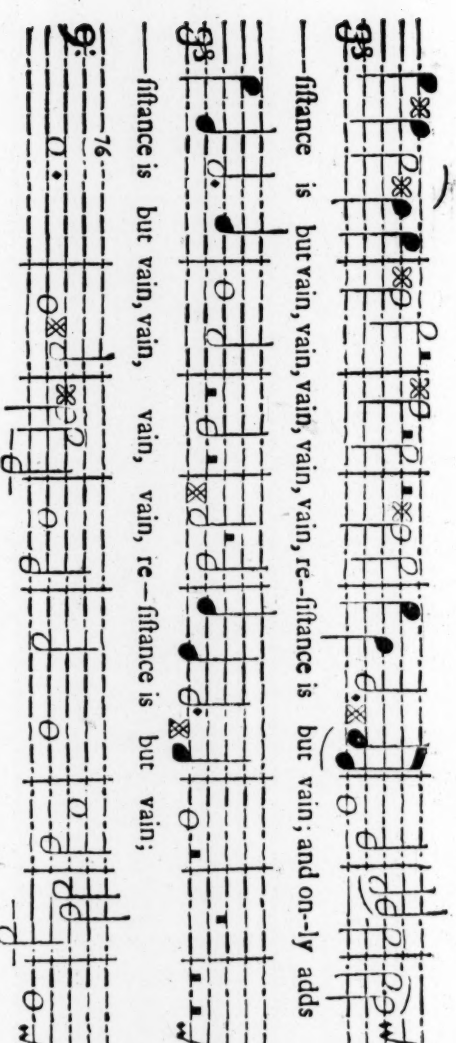
—sistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, re—

—sistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, re—

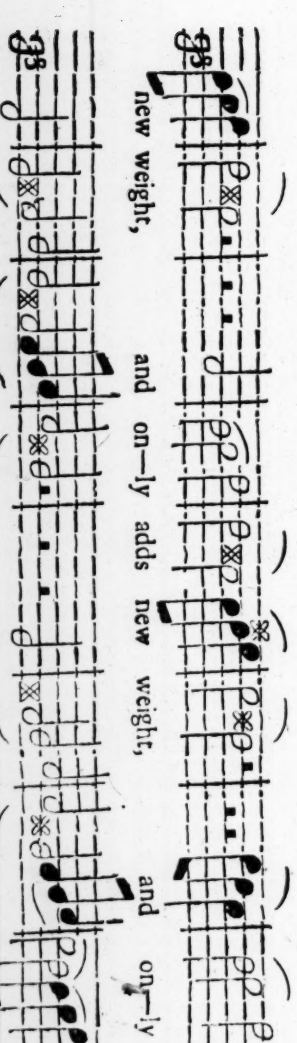


—sistance is but vain, vain, vain, re—sistance is but vain; and on—ly adds

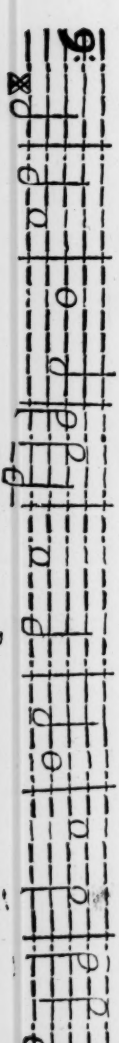
—sistance is but vain, vain, vain, re—sistance is but vain;

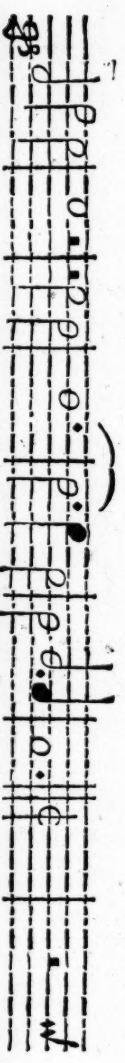
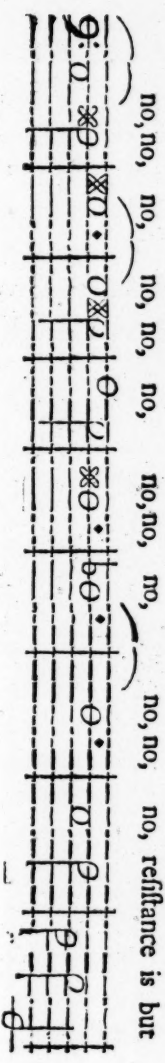
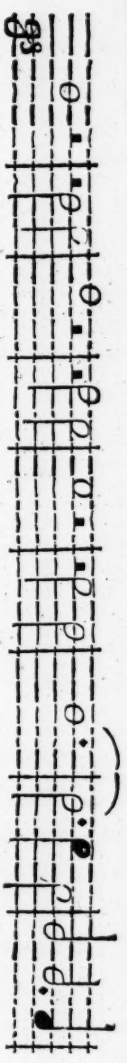
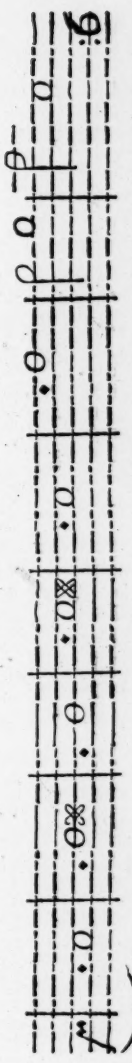
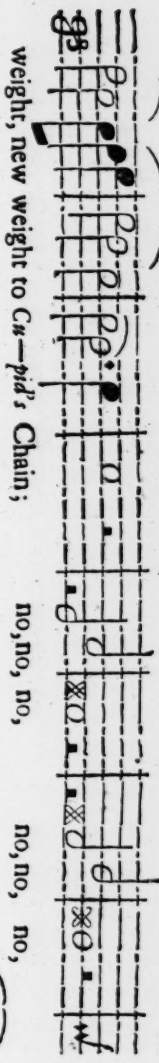
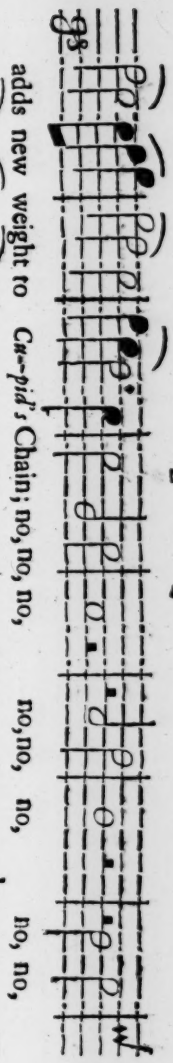


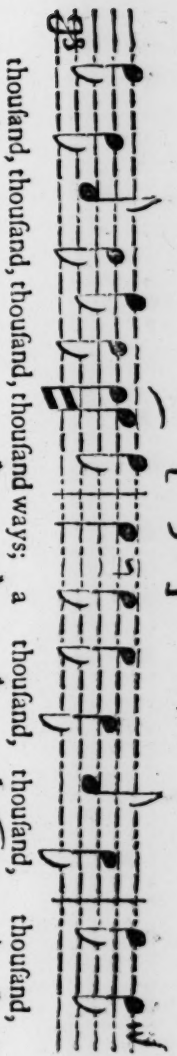
new weight, and on—ly adds new weight, and on—ly



and on—ly adds new weight, and on—ly adds new weight, new







thousand, thousand, thousand ways; a thousand, thousand, thousand,



ways;

a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, ways a



thousand Arts, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, knows to Cap—ti—

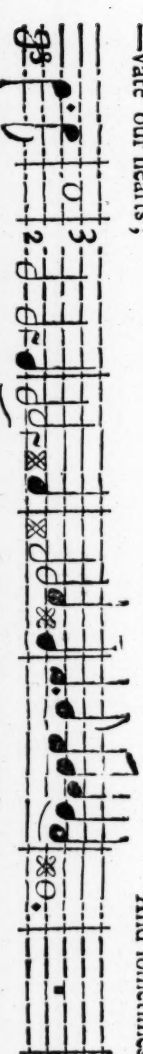


thousand Arts, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant knows to Cap—ti—



—vate our hearts;

And sometimes



—vate our hearts; Sometimes he fights he figh—sem—plays;



tries the u—niversal language of the Eyes:



The fierce ——— with



the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no, no,
 pain, the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no, no,

End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:

A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

S He that would gain a faith—full Lo—ver, must at a
 distance, must at a di—fance keep the slave; not by a
 Heart dis—co—ver, Men should but
 gueſs, Men ſhould but gueſs the thoughts we have:



Whilst they'r in doubt their flame increa—ses, and all at—tendance,



and all at—tendance they will pay; when once con—fess their



at—tendance cea—ses, and Vows like Smoak soon fly:



a—way.



II.

Then fond *Aurelia* cease complaining,
All thy reproaches useles prove;
Beauty may conquer whilst disdaining,
But lose their value when they love:

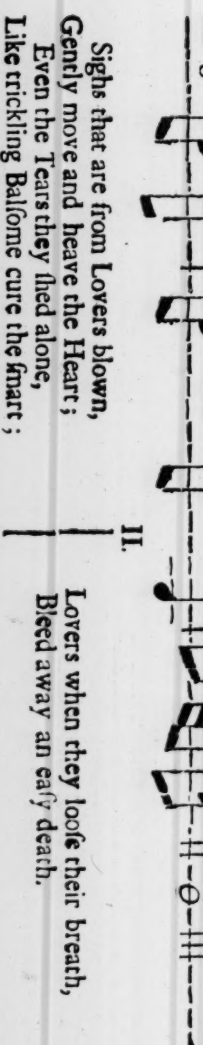
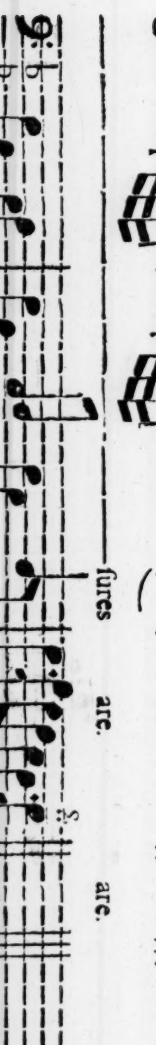
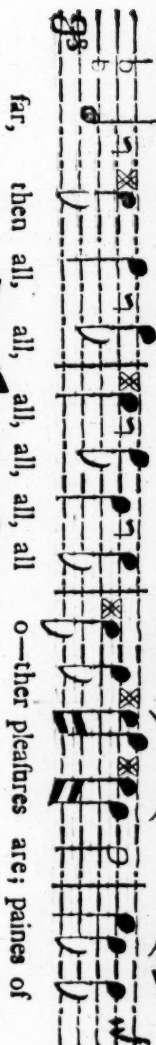
So when a Comet does appear,
Men do with trembling view the Blaze;
The Sun too common none does fear,
Nor on his Beams with wonder gaze.

A Song Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff* in *Tyrannick Love*, or the
Royal Martyr. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

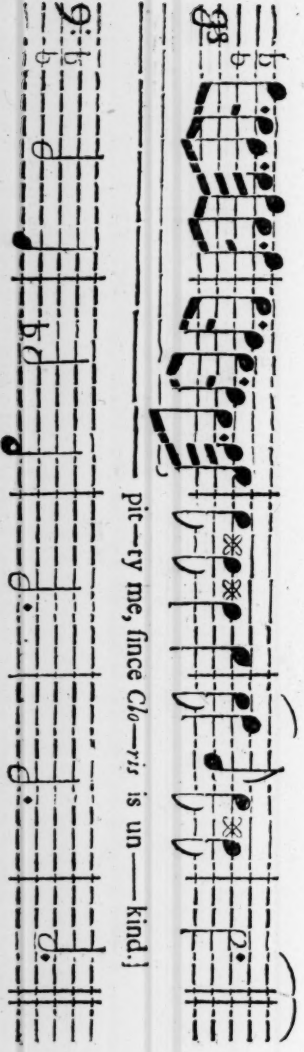
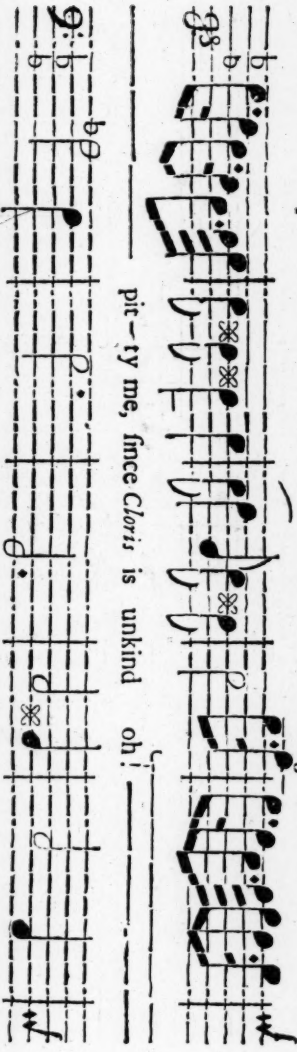
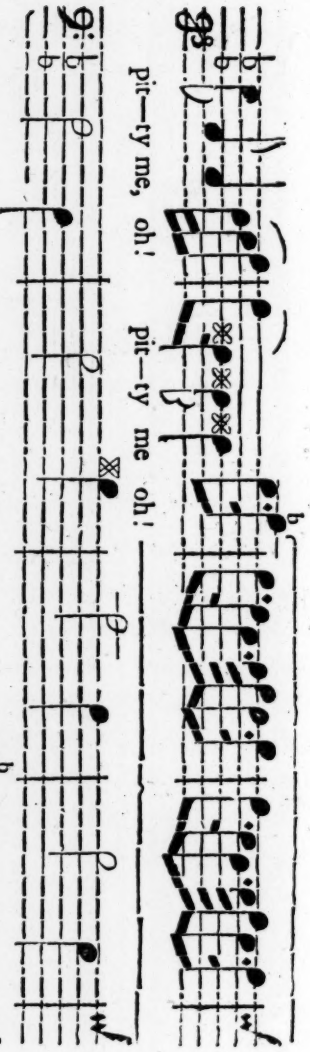
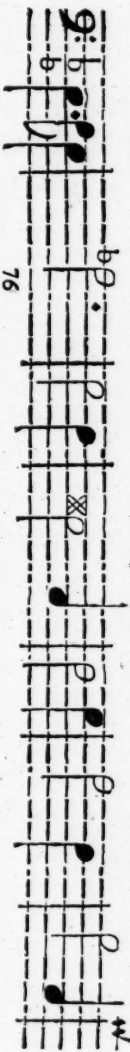


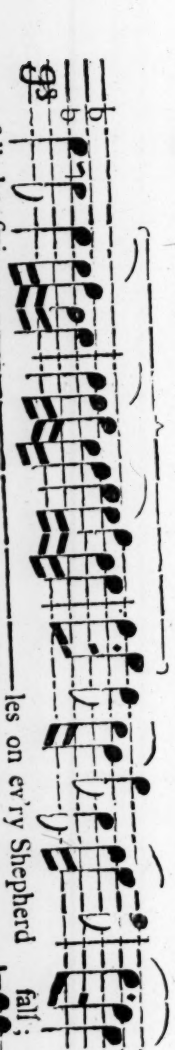
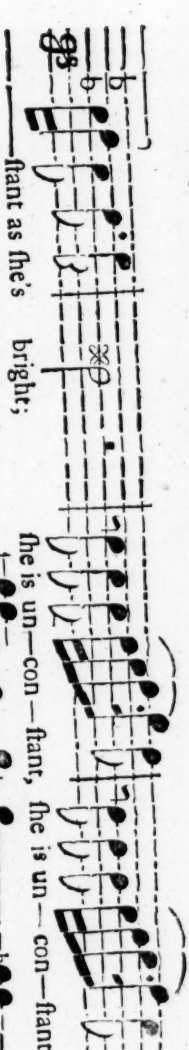
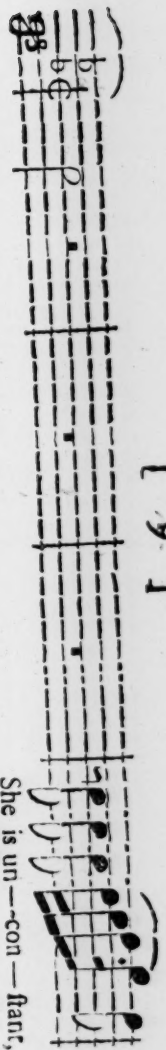
A h! how sweet, ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love, ah!





A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by
Sir Robert Howard.





And as the Sun, and as the Sun u ———— ses his light, the

vainly, the vain—ly loves to shine, the vainly lo ————

—yes to shine on all; and as the Sun, and as the Sun, u ————

—ses his light, the vainly, the vain—ly loves to shine, the vainly

lo ———— yes to shine on all.

I thought her fair like new fain Snow, I thought her fair like



melt—ing heat ex—pos'd.

Love thou, &c.



Brisk Time.

The powerfull Char—ms shall now be try'd, the powerfull

char—ms shall now be try'd; this Fu—ry, this

Fu—ry from my breath to chace, I'll summons

scorn, revenge and pride; I'll summons, summons scorn, re—venge and pride;
Slow.

at least her Image, at least her Image, her Image to deface.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by
Mr. Congreve.

Pious Ce-*lin-da* goes to Prayers, if I but ask, if I but ask the

favour; and yet the tender, tender Fool's in tears when she believes, when

she believes I'll leave her: Would I were, would I were free from this restraint, or

else had hopes, or else had hopes to win her; would she could, would she could

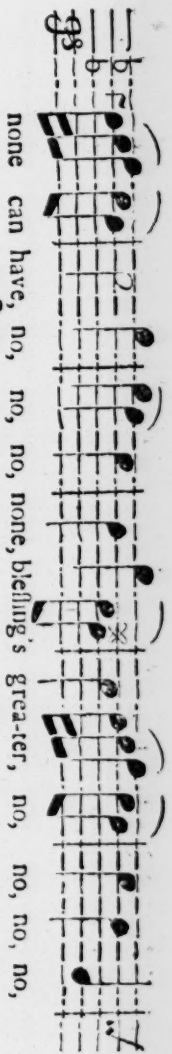
make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of her — *r* a Sinner;

would I could, would I could, oh! would I could make of her a Sinner.

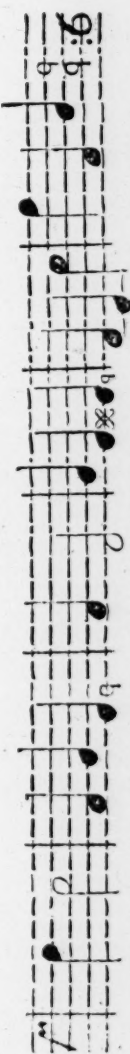
E

A Song set by Mr. Courtville. The Words by
Mr. Congreve.

G Rant me gen-tle Love, said I, one choice blessing ere I dye,
 long I've born ex-cels of pain, let me now, let me now,
 now some bliss ob-tain; thus, thus, thus, thus to al-migh-ty
 Love, al-migh-ty Love I cry'd when an-gry, thus, thus, thus,
 thus, thus, thus, when angry, thus, thus, thus the God re-ply'd: when
 an-gry, thus, thus, thus the God re-ply'd: Blessings greater, none, none, none



none can have, no, no, none, blessing's greater, no, no, no, no,



no, none can have; art thou not A-min-ia's slave? art thou not, art thou



not, art thou not, art thou not A-min-ia's slave? cease,



cease, cease, cease, cea — se fond mor — tal



to implore, for Love, Love himself's no more, no more, for Love him-



— self's no more, for Love himself's no more, no, no, no more.



A Dialogue in *Tyrannick Love*, or the *Royal Martyr*,
Sung by Mr. *Bowman*, and Mrs. *Ayliff*, Set by Mr. *H. Purcell*.

Let us goe, let us .

Ark my *David*! hark we're call'd, we're call'd, we're call'd be — low ;

[illegible]

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The melody is written in a cursive, handwritten style. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notes are mostly eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff: "goe, let us goe; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe to re-". The notation is a simple, personal transcription of the hymn tune.

let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe:

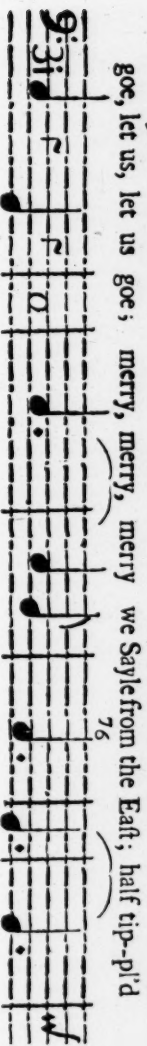
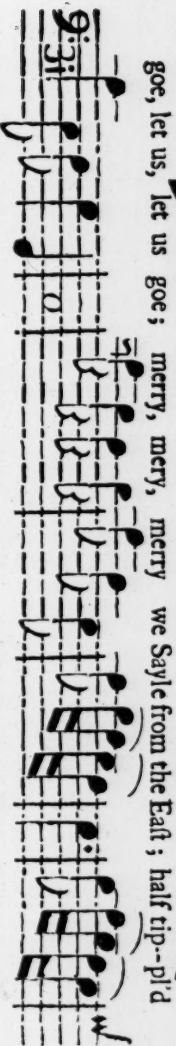
—leave the care, of Ion—
 —giving
 Lovers in
 dif—pair; let us

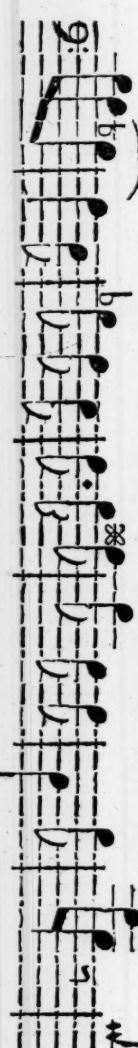
9.

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of the 'Lied'. It consists of a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The notation is written in ink on aged paper.

[illegible]

let us goe, Iesus goe, Iesus goe, let us goe, Iesus goe, let us



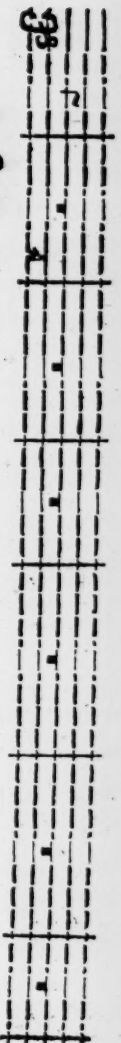


drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;
 drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;
 drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;

and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.
 and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.

But now the Sun's down, and the Element's Red, the Spirits of Fire a—

gaint us make Head; they muffer, they muffer like gnats in the Air:



a—las I muſt leave thee my Fair, and to my light Horſe-men re—pair.



Oh

ſtay!

oh

ſtay!



A—las I muſt leave thee,

a—las I muſt leave thee



oh

ſtay! ſtay,

ſtay, oh

ſtay, ſtay, ſtay;

for you need not to



a—las, a—las I muſt leave thee, muſt leave thee my Fair.



fear'em, you need not to fear'em to Night; the Wind is for us and blo—

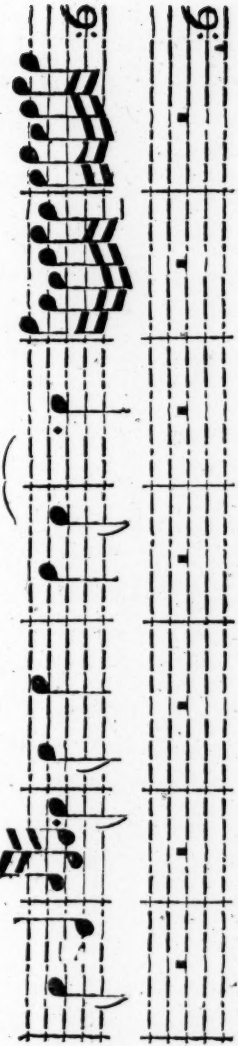




— was full in their fight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi



— ghtr; like Leaves in the Autumnour Foes will fall down and his in the



Water, and his in the Water, and down:



But their Men lye se-curely in—



— trench'd in a Cloud, and a Trumpetter, Hornet, a Trumpetter, Hornet to Battle, to



Bat — the sounds loud; no mortals that spy how we

Tilt in the Sky, with wonder will gaze and fear such events as will ne'er come to pass,

Then call me a-gain when the Battle is won.

May you to perform what the Man would have done.

Chorus.

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spirit of Air, to pity, to pity the

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spirit of Air, to pity, to pity the

4.
 Lover, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift, si-lent and swift,

that si-lent and swift,

Lover, and succour the Fair;

that si-lent and swift,

that si-lent and swift,

si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a

si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a

si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a

Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivelle.

W H Y fair Co—rin—na shoud you grieve, why fair Co—rin—na shoud

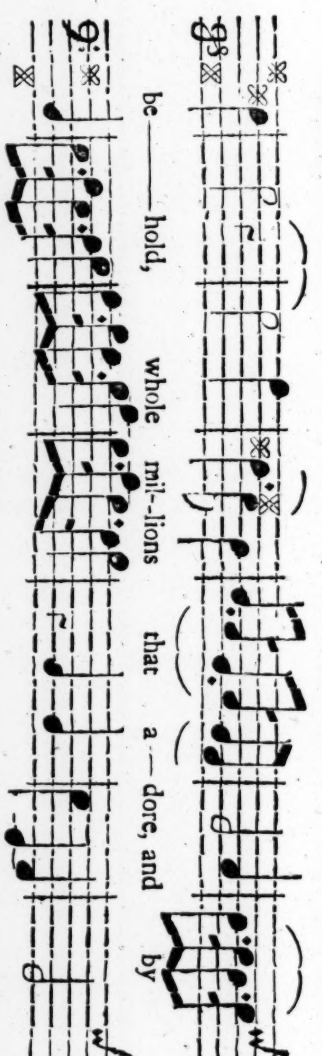
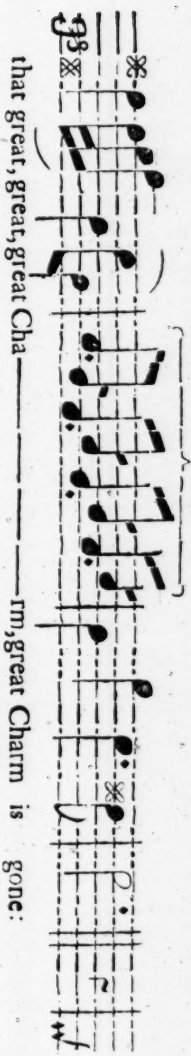
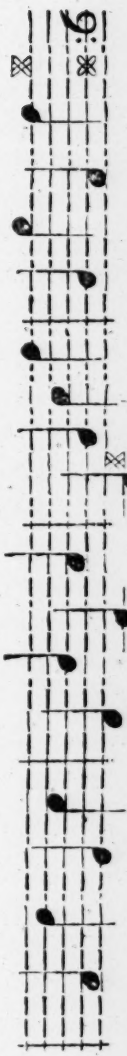
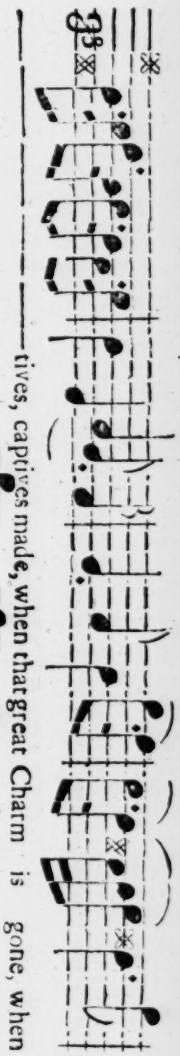
you grieve, why, why ah! why, why fair Co—rin—na why shoud you grieve; whilst

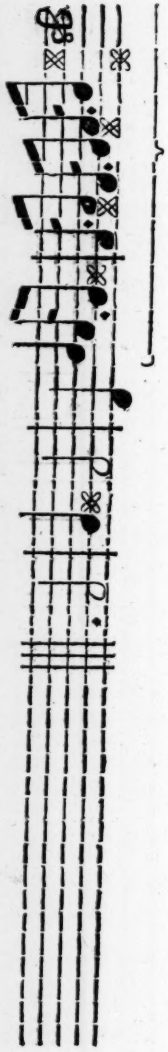
wie—ly we im—plore the hap—piest hours, the Gods can give or mor—tals

can in—joy; let thoe whole Beauties are de—cay'd, their

lofs of pow'r, their lofs of pow'r be—moan, be—moan, be—moan, their

lofs of pow'r bemoan; since Men are seldom cap—





A Song on Mrs. Bracegirdle's Singing (I Burn &c.) in
the 2 Part of *Don-Quixote*. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

W Hilt I with grief did on you look, whilst I with grief did on you

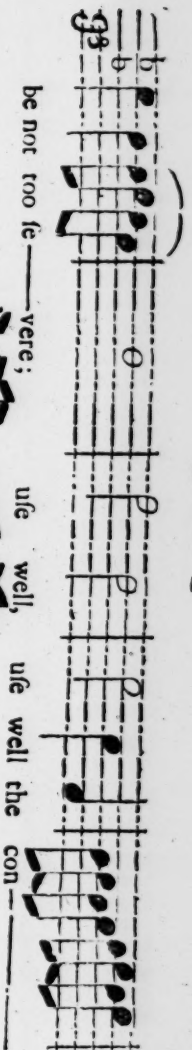
look, when Love had tur ——— n'd your Brain, from

you I, I the con ——— gion took, from you I, I the con —

ra ——— gion took, and for you, for you bore ———

the pain, for you, for you bore ——— the pain:

Mar — cell, then your Lo — ver prize, and be not, be not,



A New Song set by Dr. Blom.

W  *Hilt you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouch-*



 *safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*



 *safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—, methinks they do themselves ex-cell;*



 *whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouchsafe our*



 *thoughts to breath, Clo—, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouchsafe our*



 *thoughts to breath, Clo—, methinks they do themselves ex— cell:*

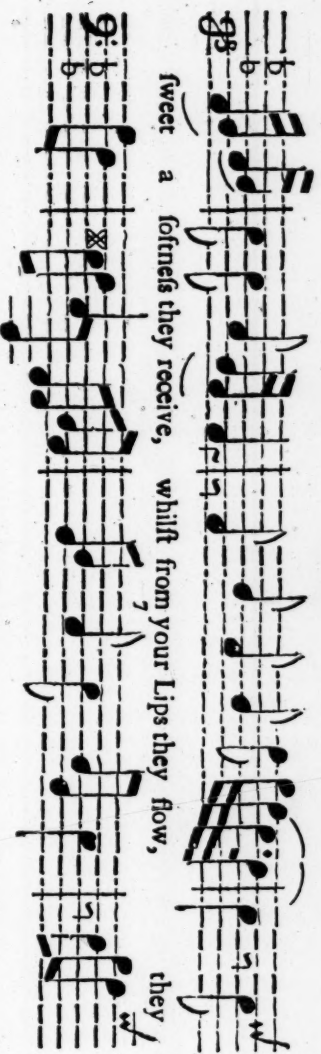




So sweet a softness they receive, they receive; so



flow, while from your Lips they flow, while from your Lips they



flow, while from your Lips they flow, while from your Lips they



flow so well;

Hard and unpolish'd tho' they do ap-



fear,

so Sung, so Sung

they Ra—

with ev'n the



ni-cel Ear; could but poor mortals here be—low, could but poor mortals



here be-low, sometimes Sing and always Love; could but poor mortals here be—

low, sometimes Sing, and always Love, and always Love; 'Twould some

Ear—nest on us be-low, of what the hap—py, hap—py, happy

do a—bove, of what the happy, hap-py, happy, the hap-py, happy

of what the happy do above, of what the hap-py do a—bove;

To Charm the Age, and to reform it too; This,
Clo—e, this, Clo—e, sure must be reserv'd for you.

F I N I S.

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